

"Then were the hounds, just over little hill not 40 rods away, and they had the fox. If that mule had been frantically before, he was mad now. He fairly flew out of the trap, and away he went. He was once permitted to the hybrid brute. Under the knoll, through a little patch of timber called the grape field, down—

"But that was the end of my ride. One of the grape-vines hung low between the trees, and the mule started under it. He caught his head in the body, and away went the animal, right up to the bounds. He shot high up into the air on that vine, the wing away back and finally managed to get to the ground without injury. The other fellows galloped past and around him and leaped from their horses about the same time. I was the only one who, as I could, and there stood that mule, his head down, his ears drooping, his eyes closed, and the whole attitude that of eternal repose."